It takes a tree centuries to attain to giant dimensions, it takes a man minutes to fell him. But fell him we must for civilization would fall apart like a house of cards, if the myrlads of manufacturies were not forever being furnished with wood in one form or another.

The film pictures with great detail the history of the tree from the time it is folled in the forest until it is sawed into shape for the market. We see it on its way to river or lake whence its real journey to the mill begins. In this connection we are treated to some sensationally interesting views of the 'water-rate', whose business it is to manoeuver the logs while afloat. It is alone worth the price of admission to watch these amphibians scurry from log to log over the entire width of a lake, the whilst their treacherous support spins away from under them - yet not so fast but that they, with the agility of cats, can take a leap to another log? Taking their life into their hands is part of their daily routine and grows in the end so monotonous that in order to add zest to life the rats occasionally indulge in an innocent pastime known as logspinning. In this two won standing on a log that floats in the water, spin it at a very rapid rate under their feet. By chance one survives. He is hailed the winner. The secret of Sampson's strength was long hair. The secret of the 'rat's' safety is spiked shoes-perhaps.

But all this is 'incidental' business. The film treats chiefly of the log itself. As it floats down the river, it sometimes lands in the wrong place. Such gentle spasm of unruliness is humorously termed 'leave without permission'. Sometimes-when a number of them get together - they act like veritable mobs. Let one of them suggest rebellion, and the others follow suit. The result is a 'jam' indulged in at times by a few million rebels. Adverse currents do the rest and soon an appalling mountain of logs lies on shore - a wilderness of wood. It takes dynamite, a hundred men and a stout engine to cosk them back into their watery path of duty. Every year 75,000,000 logs float down the Konebac River a distance of 85 miles. Where logs travel by lake, a boom-chain consisting of logs fastened together by chains, is constructed. Within the island of water bounded by this chain a few million logs are collected into a huge raft which is then towed by a single tug-boat to the mill. There the various machines make short thrift of them and they are at once loaded on car or vessel to be sent to the market of the world.

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